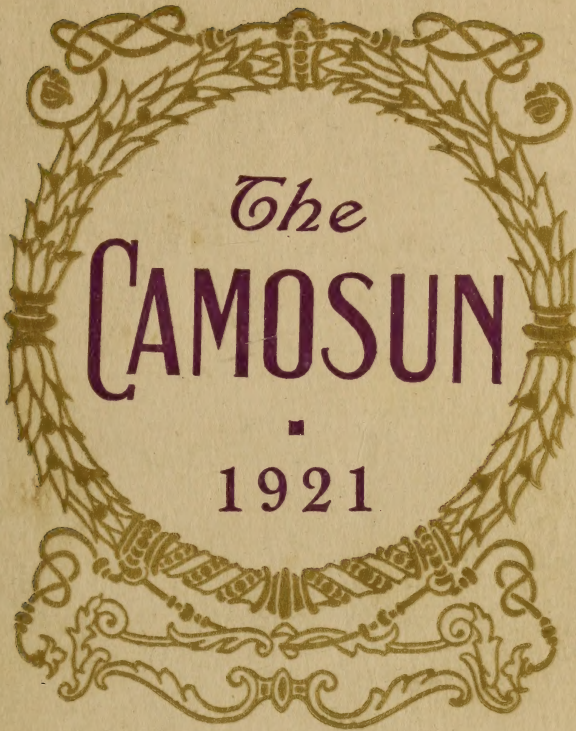


Jane Alexander Small

Vol 13

3



MATRICULATION
NUMBER

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The CAMOSUN

VOLUME XIII.

JUNE, 1921

NUMBER 3

Published Monthly by the Students of Victoria High School, Victoria, B. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Douglas Smith

Associates—Lillian Norris, Gladys Walter, Helen Starr, Alice Eldridge,
Albert Tervo, Thomas Watkins

Art Editor—Archie Clarke

Portia—Kathleen Jackson. Athletics—Hannah Fracy, Ralph Meldram

Social—Frances Legg Valedictorian—James Petrie

Matriculation Representatives—Matric A: Lillian Norris, Betty Dunnell, Jack Christie; Matric B: Winnette Copeland, George Copas, Don Maclean; Matric C: Frances Legg, John Proctor, R. Elford; Matric D: Ella Pottinger, Marguerite Wilkinson, Jack Elford, Angus McIntyre; Matric E1: Kathleen Cowper, Harold Bassett; Matric E2: Gladys Walter, Ben McMillen.

Business Managers—Edgar Wade, Dadwell Hartley, Jack Elford, Ralph Meldram

All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

Advertisers are asked to leave copy at The Acme Press, 753 View Street, by the 25th of each month to insure insertion.

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Margaret Wallace

Marge Locke.

Star Moore

Edith Muth

Dorothy Jackson

Autographs

Marian Pollock

Dorothy Laing

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F. W. Atkins

Carrie F. Mac Neal

Ella Lewis

Madalene Clemens

Bubbles McMillen

Grace Eldridge
C. H. Laverstock

Nessie 307, Wallace B. McConnel
Eleanor Parfitt

Louise Weston
Jean Goss

Ella Pottinger

Harry Macrae

Gerrie Gates

Charles Ballard

Dorothy Dean

Karen Kowen

Hieda Widdowes
Sarah E. G.



Mary Hamilton

Jessie Still

Camosun Idols

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Vice - president of Portia? Yes. But "Mike's" long suit is cheering the V. H. S. basketball teams on to victory. When her cry of "Sit on him, Gus," echoes through the gym,—well, we simply sit on 'em, that's all. As a rooter she is in a class by herself. She is also an elocutionist of no mean ability, tragedy (?) being her specialty.

HAROLD RYAN

Harold, who for some obscure reason is nicknamed "Tiny," is a member of the V. H. S. shooting squad, an enthusiastic basketball player and fan, and a member of the Matric organization. He is a side-partner of Wade's in holding down the cash tables at entertainments, and when the pair are in action, no coin of the realm escapes their eagle eyes.

LILLIAN NORRIS

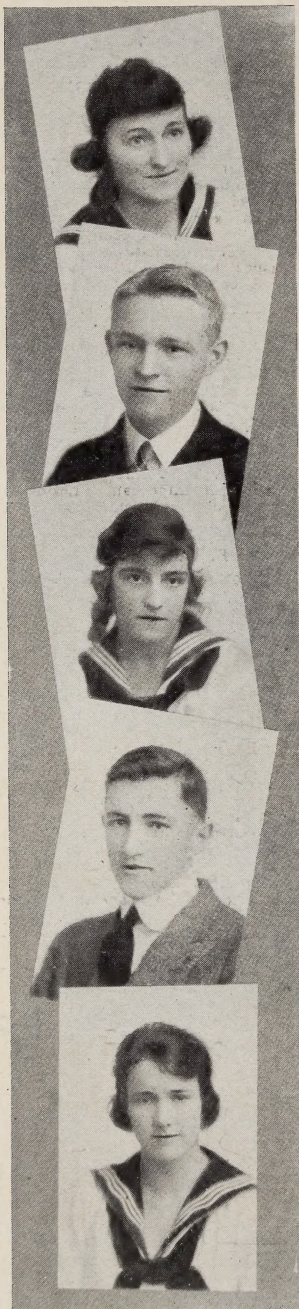
This is Lillian's first year in High, having come to us from St. George's School, but during her short sojourn she has made herself popular among all the classes. Besides being a diligent student, she has done splendid work on the editorial staff of the Camosun and has won her Portia pin by public speaking. Our only regret is that she didn't come to us sooner.

BRAINARD SCOTT

When Brainard uncoils himself in the middle of the football field and surveys the battle from his six feet odd of altitude, there is generally something stirring in his immediate vicinity. He is captain of the V. H. S. Rugby team and is also a Prefect.

DORIS GRUBB

"Pinkie" is undoubtedly one of the most popular girls in school. She is the widely-known captain of the famous V. H. S. girls' basketball team, the winners of the cup, and the champion ladies' team of B. C. Being one of our most serious-minded (?) girls, she was chosen head of that august body, the Prefects, and no serious riots have taken place during her administration.



Camosun Idols

DOUGLAS SMITH

As "Doug" is editor-in-chief of the Camosun, and, as such, is armed with drastic powers, we must not allow ourselves too much familiarity in speaking of him. We would like to express, however, our humble opinion that this has been one of the Camosun's most successful years, due in no small measure to hard work on the part of its chief executive. He is also a Prefect.

ELLA POTTINGER

Very capably fills the important position of president of the Portia Society, and not only acts in that capacity for the Society, but was on the victorious team sent against Oak Bay for the debating championship. Ella also acts as secretary-treasurer for the V. H. S. Concert Party. Her great ability as an elocutionist has done much towards the success of several of the entertainments, and was also an important factor in her brilliant performance in the championship debating contest.

DADWELL HARTLEY

"Dad" is another of our versatile young men. As centre on the basketball team, the High School champions of B. C., and winners of the Thompson Cup, he has covered himself with glory. He is also on the Rugby team and is business manager of the Camosun, whose finances under his capable administration are in excellent condition.

MARJORIE BELL

"Marjie" is an example of the fact that the best goods often come in small packages. Besides acting on many committees, she is the capable pianist of the school orchestra, and was a prominent member of last year's girls' basketball team; only an unfortunate illness at the beginning of this season preventing her from taking her regular place in the line-up.

BOB MELDRAM

"Captain" Meldram is Adjutant of the Cadet Corps and Captain of the shooting squad, and hence is a war-like young man, although there is nothing to indicate it in his good-natured countenance. He is one of the most competent members of the gym. squad, which covered itself with glory at the recent assault-at-arms held in the Armoury. Bob is also athletic editor and business manager of the Camosun and a Prefect.

HELEN STARR

Helen is well known in the Victoria High School. Throughout her school career she has been an enthusiastic supporter of every school activity, and has worked diligently on many committees. This year she has done some splendid work on the editorial staff of the Camosun.



Camosun Idols

KENNETH McCANNEL

As commanding officer of the Cadets, forward on the Rugby team, defence on the ice-hockey team, vice-president of his class, Prefect, and baseball enthusiast, "Kennie" is one busy young man, a regular "Pooh Bah," in fact. But he gets away with his numerous duties in first-class shape. Rumors that he writes the orders for the Cadets on his shirt cuffs are incapable of proof.

FRANCES LEGG

"Tibby," as she is affectionately called, has been an ardent supporter of all school activities during her school years. She is secretary of the Matric organization and the Athletic Association and represents the Matrics on the Portia executive. Last, but not least, she is one of our Prefects and social editor of the Camosun. All these duties she performs with the utmost good nature and a glad smile.

DELMAR BATTRICK

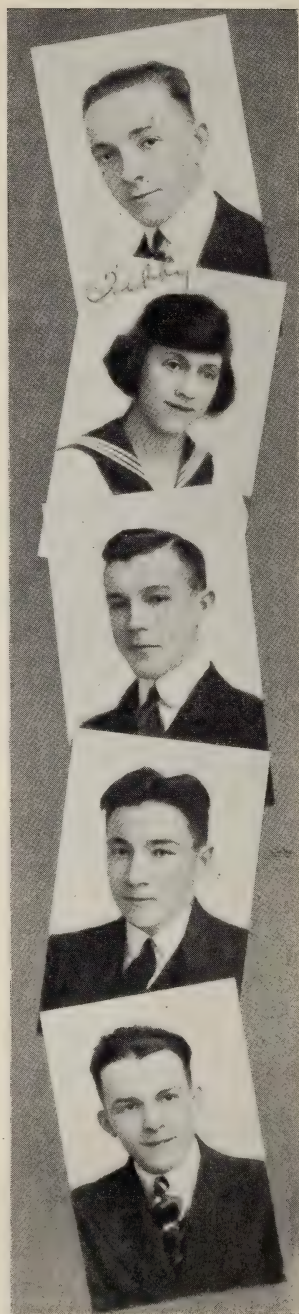
"Del" is president of the Matric organization. To his untiring efforts much of the success of this issue of the Camosun is due; particularly with respect to the photos, all arrangements for which were made by him. He also conceived and carried out the idea of the Matric class pins.

JAMES McNAMEE

Head Prefect, plays three-quarter on the Rugby team, vice-captain on the lacrosse team, is "Jimmy's" record for this year. Besides being popular among his fellows of both sexes, "Jimmy" is held in much esteem by the powers that be; high authority having stated publicly that he was the "saccharine kid," or words to that effect. James, however, is as modest as he is good-natured.

EDGAR WADE

"Wadey" is one of the busiest workers in school activities. Besides serving on many committees, he is on the business staff of the Camosun, a member of the Matric executive, a Lieutenant in the Cadet Corps, and not many public events have occurred without his taking in the shekels at the door. As a financier, "Wadey" has great possibilities.



Valedictory

OUR school-days are over, and the well-beloved haunts which have known us so long are for ever behind us. The goal toward which we hopefully set our faces in 1918 is reached, and from this summit we now look down upon the future expanding beneath our feet until lost in the mists of the unknown. But before we shoulder our burdens and prepare ourselves for the battle, one last regretful glance backward may be forgiven e'er we buckle on our armor for the fray. The path along which we have travelled during the last three years may have been beset with many difficulties, disappointments and failures, may even have been lost to us as we wandered far off, yet today, with it all behind us, we may look back with satisfaction upon work well done, upon success well merited. And now, as we set our faces toward another path, new dangers and worries of the future may obliterate memories of the past, and our many friends and acquaintances may be forgotten. Yet when we reach the Autumn of life, and the future holds nothing for us, our memories, rushing swiftly backward over the years, bring new pleasures, not in the contemplation of what will be, but in the recollection of what has been — the recollection of happy days at the Victoria High School.





EDITORIAL

NOW that the final issue of The Camosun for the year 1920-21 has been reached, a few words of thanks to several people who have worked hard for the paper, will not be amiss. This year's Camosun has been a success, due chiefly to the work of Mr. Dilworth. If he hadn't spent a great deal of time and thought in directing the editorial end of the paper, we would still be working on the Christmas number. To Mr. Watson of the Acme Press we also tender our thanks. The way in which he has handled the printing and arranging of the Camosun has saved us much time and trouble. Messrs. Steeves, Hartley, Wade, Elford and Meldram have looked after the financial and advertising end of the paper, and their efforts have been very successful, as is shown by the state of the finances of the Camosun. The class reporters and student body of the school have shown their interest and co-operated splendidly. There has never been a scarcity of material. The cover designs have been very good, and thanks are due to James Petrie especially for his Christmas and Easter cover pages.

Personally I wish to thank the Editorial Staff for its splendid help and untiring work. Miss Norris has looked after the special articles, Miss Starr has spent a great deal of time with the Exchanges and Idols, Miss Walter has had charge of the stories, Miss Eldridge and Watkins have seen that the Class Reports have been properly arranged and censored, Archie Clark has acted as Cartoonist and general humorist, while Tervo has been the man with the criticisms and suggestions.

The editorial end of the paper has been entirely in the hands of this staff, under the guidance of Mr. Dilworth.

To Dr. Robinson and the teachers of the staff we wish to tender thanks for their assistance and for the many courtesies which they have extended to us.

* * * * *

In a few weeks now the school year will come to an end. Those of the Matrics who are successful in passing the exams. will leave all the old school customs and surroundings behind them and start off in a new realm of life. Last year twenty-three students joined

the Normal School from the High School, many more went to the Victoria College and the U. B. C., and a large number embarked on business careers in the city. Last year's Matric class is very widely scattered. In a few weeks this year's Matric body will also be scattered, and its place filled by Juniors. Think of all that is being left behind! When we entered the school three or four years ago, who dreamed of the times in store? Doubtless we have made some bad mistakes and shirked our duty many times, but still it's up to next year's Matric body to carry on and make a better success of it than we have. In a few years' time we will be looking back regretfully on our High School days and wishing we were still in Prelim. Time passes fast enough, but if he is careful, even a Prelim can make the best of it. Our advice to Prelims is to get right into all the school activities as soon as possible, and stick with them. Then, when you get your Matric, you can look back and say that your time at least, wasn't wasted, if someone else's was. The Matric classes wish the Juniors and Prelims a pleasant holiday, and may they come back ready to carry on from where we left off.

* * * * *

The Camosun tenders, on behalf of the school, sincere sympathy and regret to the family and relatives of Leslie Carter. In him Victoria has lost one of its most promising young citizens, and the Matriculation Year one of its most valued members. He leaves a vacant place that will be impossible to fill and memories that will always be fresh. He has taught to many a lesson of self-denial and cheerfulness, and the school has profited greatly by his outstanding example. Therefore, these few lines may serve as a tribute to the vanished friend and also as a message of comfort and sympathy to his bereaved mother and relatives.

* * * * *

On May 26, in the Auditorium, an Exhibition of Work done by the students of the Commercial Department was held. The quality of the work exhibited was remarkable and reflected the greatest credit upon the staff of teachers and the students themselves. In the course of the afternoon about one hundred and fifty guests called, and the capable way in which they were entertained in the Auditorium, and later in the Tea Room, won well-merited praise from everyone. The students of the Department are to be complimented on the loyal support which they gave, and which, after all, made the affair a success.

* * * * *

In the story competition held last month, the prize was awarded to G. Vincent of Division VI. The judges were Ella Pottinger, Lillian Norris and Albert Tervo. Vincent's story is a genuine Indian legend, the material having been secured by the author while living in the Peace River District. We hope that, in the future, the Camosun may benefit by contributions from Vincent.



In Memoriam

Leslie H. Carter

WHEN the news of the death of Leslie Carter was made known to the school, it was at first incomprehensible that one with whom we had talked and joked only a few days before should now have been claimed by Death. When the realization of the fact was finally driven home by constant reminders, we began to realize what we had lost. For four years "Les" has been a popular member of the High School. Although he took no prominent part in school activities, his gentlemanly conduct and the spirit in which he fought his up-hill fight gained him a host of friends. His popularity was based on his own character and personality. In spite of diligence in his studies, "Les" was able to find time for the social aspects of school life. His good-spirited willingness to oblige, won him countless friends—friends who deeply regret having lost him, but realize that Leslie Carter has been called to higher services. In the fulfillment of the will of God, he leaves behind many sorrowing friends who have benefited by his presence at the school, where his example has not been lost.

"And a voice said in mastery, while I strove—
'Guess now who holds thee?' 'Death,' I said. But there,
The silver answer rang, 'Not Death, but Love!'"

The Skull

IT was the close of an autumn day in the year 1920, when the leaves were already falling in showers and the banks of the mighty Peace River were assuming their winter coat of brown and grey; faint in the distance could be heard the howl of a lonely coyote, which set the huskies to growling and whining. Through the smoke the top of the tepee was barely discernible, but occasionally one caught a glimpse of the starlit heavens through the round "tepee vent." On my left lay Little Porcupine, blood brother to old chief Big Horn, and closely grouped around the glowing fire were the chief dignitaries of the Beaver Tribe. The annual treaty money had just been paid and the whole tribe was gathered together below the fort, eager for a chance to buy the coveted tea, sugar, or soap (the latter not to wash with, but to eat).

Suddenly there was a hush in the tepee, broken only by the cracking of the twigs. "Old Lady Tamarak," seer and witch doctor, and the oldest member of the Beaver Tribe, rose to speak, and it was a strange tale she told, while, outside, the wind sighed through the tree tops and the night grew darker.

"Ye, O people of the Beaver Tribe, gathered in council! Ye, O chiefs and medicine men, and thou, O paleface! listen unto my woe and the woe of the Beaver Tribe!

"Eighty years ago, when I was a young maiden, fair as the moon, daughter of the chief, and beloved by Running Arrow, to this place did come a young paleface, weary and spent, demanding food and shelter, and the chief of our people fed him, and cared for him; for his stature was great and he had the face of an eagle, and my heart was lost to him and I forgot Running Arrow.

"And Running Arrow went to my father and said, 'O chief! behold this paleface cometh in our midst and taketh thy daughter! and he makes from the maize a strange liquid and gives it to the young men, and the young men become as madmen and know not what they do. So the young men murmur against you and say that the paleface is stronger and braver than you, O chief!'

"Then Chief Rainy rose up and called the young men together, and the following night, while the paleface slept, Running Arrow slew him and the young men took his body and cast it in the river, where it drifted into a backwater, and in time the flesh rotted and the skull fell away from the body.

"And I knew nothing of all this, for an arrow makes no noise, and I was told that the paleface had deserted us and left the tribe.

"And then, at the time when the leaf falls, and before the freezeup, I went to the tepee of Running Arrow and we fled in the night and came to the mighty water below fort Vermilion, where the Peace rushes through toward the Great Slave Lake. We did not try to gain the quiet water, for my father was pursuing us, and so we dashed down the mighty chutes. As we paddled frantically, something bumped the canoe. I looked, and behind us floated a skull,

the skull of the white man. And Running Arrow turned at my cry, saw the skull and dropped his paddle. At the same instant the skull smashed through the frail birch bark and the canoe sank like a stone. Running Arrow died in the rushing and tumbling rapids. I gained the shore, only to see my father and the pursuing canoes swept down the chutes.

"And to this day it is said that, in the first grey moon before freezep, a pale shape will dash down the roaring chutes, in the bows a young brave frantically paddling, and behind, shimmering in the moonlight, bumps a skull.

"And so was the tribe punished for its treachery, for he who sees that vision must die a death by drowning."

There was silence. Then up started the mournful "Hiyi" wail, and from the next tepee came the rub-a-dub-dub of the tribal drum. The tribe was in council.

G. VINCENT.

Dawn of a New Day

NIGHT, a hideous dark night, about twelve o'clock The ugly black clouds tore across the sky, hiding the waning moon from sight. Only at a flash of lightning, which followed peal after peal of thunder, could one see the destruction which was being caused by the wind as it roared through the dense forest, taking with it some of the large trees, which, in falling, crashed the younger saplings to the earth.

In a lonely little cottage, close to the edge of the wood, worked an old doctor, trying to hold on to the life of a little girl; a life which kept slipping through his grasp to enter the portal of death and shut itself off from the world. The young mother pleaded with the medical man to save her child, to save the young life at any price.

Hour after hour rolls on; the storm grows more and more violent. The rain beats against the window and resounds on the roof, just as if it were mocking the cries of the heartbroken young mother as she begs the doctor to restore her little daughter, who lies limp and motionless on the bed.

There is a crash outside the log cabin door. The doctor closes his eyes and grips his hands. The mother shrieks and falls on her knees at the foot of the bed and prays for mercy to God, whom in her great trouble she had not altogether forgotten, but forgot to ask for help.

The small form in the bed moves. The doctor uncovers his eyes and knows by the child's breathing that the life is spared.

The wind grows calmer. The rain ceases gradually. The clouds disappear from the sky. The moon has gone to rest, taking all her little twinkling playmates with her. The bright red sun arises, throwing over the world a warm ruddy light. The happy mother puts up the blind and a golden stream of sunlight falls on her child.

To her it was in truth the Dawn of a New Day.

KATE RENWICK.

Personals

Matric A

William Allen (—). "Mike" has done some splendid work on the basketball team this year, filling the position of centre. "Willie" also goes to Sunday school.

"He loves to chat with the girls, I know,
'Tis the way with men—they're always so."

Ethel Anderson (137) is a shy little maid, but a brilliant French scholar.

"Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent."

Marjorie Bell (71). "Marge" samples everything. She's a member of Portia, the V. H. S. Concert Party and the High School Orchestra, while dancing and basketball serve her as pastimes.

"I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me."

Arthur Bagshawe (160). An industrious pupil.

"Though he little said, he paid it oft with thinking."

Joseph Cannon (38). Lives in a world of his own creation.

"The fear of being silent makes him mute."

John Christie (119). If Jack accepted all the "afternoon tea" invitations he receives in Room (?), he would soon learn how to make a 2-inch by 1-inch sandwich last ten minutes. Notwithstanding this, he is a good student.

"There is a probability of succeeding about this fellow that is
mighty provoking."

Iva Cramer (56). Works very conscientiously.

"Some nymphs there are too conscious of their face."

Eileen De Blaquiére (96). Eileen shows her good judgment by appreciating Wordsworth and following his deep thought.

"I do what many dream of all their lives."

Charles Drennan (53). "Chuck" is one of the few jovial members of Matric. He plays ice-hockey and is one of the favorites of the school.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool."

Bettie Dunnell (125). Even her oppressive duties as class reporter can't dampen her lively spirit.

"But there's mischief in her eye."

Glenna Evans (88).

"Her air is so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet, are her charms."

Norman Forbes (—). "Norm," besides being a Prefect, is a fine, dashing athlete and brilliant pupil.

"A man not of words, but of actions."

Dorothy Griffiths (131). Dorothy is much in evidence around the lockers and the looking-glass.

"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had."

Hannah Facey (159). We are all saving our pennies to buy an edition of your "Selected Poems," so don't disappoint us, Hannah.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains that only poets know."

George H. E. Green (44). A man of musical talent.

"All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music."

Olive Heritage (54). Olive always does her home-work.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

Kathleen Jackson (118). Kathleen is perhaps the most notorious member of Division I. Besides being endowed with an interminable vocabulary, she possesses the courage to demonstrate it.

"Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed."

James Keenan (106) is a true knight errant, who gives a war-whoop of delight when one of the fairer sex drops a book or a pencil. Keenan is the literary genius of the class.

"His heart was in his work."

Marjorie Locke (46). "Marge" has a "good strong voice," which is preferred to some of the other girls' soft and gentle whispers in Room 9.

Rosalind Lorden (122). Alack this life! The week-ends are too bitterly short for our Rosie. Each Monday we hear what a perfectly de-e-lightful time she spent, having attended at least three dances. Does Rosalind dance on Sunday? Tut-tut!

Cecil Robinson (—). From Cecil's "salubrious" manner, dignified mien and sartorial efforts, it may easily be seen that he will one day become an undertaker, if some of the girls of Matric A don't snaffle him off beforehand. Cecil won his game by—

"How's she stackin'?"

Harry Macrae (32). "Mac" has a lasting grin, but he isn't quite as good as he looks in his picture.

"He can but try to look demure, for, spite
Of all he does, he shows a laughter's cheek."

Ralph W. Meldram (128). Adjutant, first marksman in the school, Camosun worker (?) and Beau Brummel of the class. "Bob" is popular with the women.

"I am Sir Oracle,
When I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

Julian Menkus (113) has a habit of saying the wrong thing at the right moment. We hope he gets over this before the exams.

"God never meant that man should scale
The heavens by strides of human wisdom."

Eva McLennan (59). Eva has the honour of being the baby of the class.

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing."

Lillian Norris (67). Lillian has been one of the most consistent school workers during the past term and she is one of the most popular girls in the class.

"Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."

Louise Noble (142). Louie is a very obliging Prefect, who never complains when asked to open a locker.

"A little, tiny, pretty, witty, charming darling she."

Dorothy Parson (39). Dorothy, who comes from Golden, B. C., is liked by everyone who knows her.

"This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful fell behind."

Doris Pattulo (22). Grave and silent, Doris moves amidst us, a gentle and "divinely human" Prefect.

Dora Pearson (43). Dora is a quiet member of our class, but a studious one.

"The blue, fearless eyes in her fair face,
And her soft voice, tell of English race."

Harold Ryan (70). "Thomas" works hard and silently for the glory of the V. H. S. Add to this a whirlwind basketball player, a clever, studious mind, and you have T. Harold Ryan.

"He was frank,
Fresh, hardy, of a joyous mind and strong."

Dorothy Shepherd (48). "Dot" is a sweet, joyous young thing.

"She was made for happy thoughts,
For playful wit and laughter."

Ellen Styan (158). Nellie is a basketball enthusiast and considers dancing a waste of time.

Jessie Stewart (1). A rush, a suppressed (?) giggle, a creak, and Jessie is seated at her desk, and only a few minutes late.

"I missed my prayers to get me dressed by noon,
I've sacrificed both modesty and ease."

Winnifred Tervo (151). Headed the class in the Easter exams.

"Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found."

Albert Tervo (156). An editor of the Camosun and class secretary.

"Here's a large mouth indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs."

Arthur Webster (47). Besides being captain of the Cadets, "Art" is the only pupil in the school to hold down a position on each of the four athletic teams.

"The angels sang in heaven when he was born."

Louise Weston (24). Ought to be a professeure, as she is especially gifted and patient while instructing others.

"Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined,
And knowledge of both books and humankind."

Grace Wilson (116).

"She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form and fair of face."

Matric B

"And not a tongue was idle."

Minnie Swannell (33). Minnie conforms to the rule that little girls should be seen and not heard.

"Her air is so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet, are her charms."

Elsie Smith (86). An industrious little "B."

"A little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar and flowers that bloom in spring."

Muriel Daniels (65). A perfect Prefect (?) who lost her pass key (not to her heart) in New Westminster. She finds her chief delight in doing Algebra and the "shimmie" (?). Babe is a member of the basketball team, a renowned swimmer and an allround sport.

"She was made for happy thoughts,
For playful wit and laughter."

Erica Gillam (37). One of the "innocents abroad" in our room. A mathematician. "Ricky's" favorite occupation is to tap hot test-tubes on cold desks. She possesses most of the few brains that Matric B has.

"Much ado there was, I wot,
For she would love, but he would not."

Velma Miller (146). "Dutchy" verifies the statement that good things come in small packages. One of the most popular girls in Matric and a peach of a dancer. What more can be said?

"Small and chere, choice and rare,
She and Art they were a pair."

Marion Miller (127). Marion is no relation to Velma. She loves Latin (?), especially Virgil, and can translate full thirty-six lines without stopping, even for breath. Marion intends to take up research work in Ancient languages (?) during her vacation.

"With thy clear, keen joyance,
Languor cannot be."

Doris Grubb (109). Otherwise known as "Pinkie." "Pinkie" is the most popular girl in the school. She is head Prefect, captain of the girls' basketball team and a good many other things. You ought to see her shut her eyes at the teachers.

"She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form and fair of face."

Ilma Davies (161). A lively kid, who at the end of our eight period day finds herself homesick. Ilma likes to copy pages from books of geology and botany.

"A six years' (?) darling, of a pigmy size."

Vera Bell (—). Vera longs to return to her home at Saskatoon. She also loves Latin (?).

"Open my heart and you will see
Carved inside of it, "the prairie."

Dorothy Hardisty (61). Something between a help and a hindrance. Very fond of chalk and of hiding the teacher's things. What "Dot" needs is an unsqueakable desk, separated from everything else.

"They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think."

Winnette Copeland (57). Winette is Camosun reporter and also our representative on the Matric Society. She is a rising chemist, having reached the stage where she can make the contents of one test-tube jump from there to another.

"Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please."

Dorothy Savage (41). Not as bad as her name implies. "Dot" collects the dimes from our girls for the War Memorial and leaves us in a perpetual state of bankruptcy.

"Money is my suit."

Dorothy Blythe (155). Another one of the "Dots" of our room. She chaperones Miss Davies. Why, during the reading of romantic poems, does she always gaze blissfully out of the windows?

"I fear no loss, I hope no gain,
I envy none, I none disdain."

Virginia Byrne (9). Virginia is the only person whom Matric B exploits as a prodigy. She carried off the highest marks in Geometry.

"To her a frolic was a high delight;
A frolic she would hunt for day and night."

Marjorie Siddall (—). She is the mascot of our class and it keeps us going picking up her books and getting her settled. One of the few noiseless members of our famous class.

"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had."

Thelma Schroeder (19). Thelma is the jolliest girl in the class, for which reason she won the weighty office of class president. Without her, Matric B would lose its flavor. She gets more variations of her name than does a good piece of music played by a Prelim.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Thomas B. Scott (98). Captain of the Rugby fifteen and an all-round good fellow is Tom Scott.

"A chap whose works in sport are simply stainless,
But known in other realms as Thomas Brainless."

Donald McLean (138). "Don" is another fellow who has helped to make Matric B famous and the rest of the school jealous.

"This scholar holds a rearguard's trusty station,
Careless of life—but, oh, his reputation!"

James McNamee (78). Head Prefect, hail his majesty! Popular as ice cream in July. A leading light of the school.

"Such an one
As everyone should wish to be."

Charlie Mitzumo (134). Steady and jovial, with an ever-ready smile.

"As bright as the moon when she's hid in a mist,
Sweet little boy—but he's never been kissed."

Herbert Edwardson (136). "N'er-the-less, no meteor e'er flashed its gilded path" so gloriously as "Herby." He's a grand student.

"He is not dead, but sleepeth."

Douglas McGibbon (97). "Doug" was an extremely popular fellow while he was with us, and it was with much regret that Matric B saw him leave the school. As captain of the ice hockey team he showed his splendid ability at stick- and man-handling. "Doug" is now a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Good luck to him!

John B. Shaw (—).

"A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month."

Frank McGregor (—).

"Frank is a fragile youth; an awful spender;
His slogan—'Be no borrower nor lender.'"

George Copas (58). "Every day is ladies' day with me!" George has been untiring in his efforts to obtain material for the Camosun this year, and Matric B owes much of the praise (and notoriety) which it has been so glad to receive, to George.

"He lives content and envies none,
Not e'en a monarch on his throne."

Ivor Parfitt (87).

"A boy who for high aims will ever search;
He plays the organ in a Fernwood church!"

Kenny Waites (18).

"His cheeks, the rose of summer hue,
His eyes, a modest azure blue,
His locks"—(but this is where we stop).

Matric C

John Proctor (73). Johnny's the capable president of Matric C, but we are afraid that the exertion of carrying on his duties has brought on that nerve-racking cough which hacks through the tedious hours of toil.

"All my strength and all my art
Is to touch the gentle heart."

Walter Brooks (123). Contrary to Tennyson's "Brook," our Brook(s) does anything but chatter. He is a downright good student.

"I am the answer to a maiden's prayer."

Raymond Kinloch (12). A quiet unassuming young man, particularly attractive because of his pompadour, which it is his favorite diversion to cultivate. A keeper of the peace, namely, a Prefect, and a captain in the Cadet Corps.

"And so his midnight lamp was lit anew,
And burned till morning."

William Clarke (102). W. J. is mighty familiar with the Rugby ball, but when it comes to the fair sex—'nuff sed.

"I would build a cloudy house
For my thoughts to live in."

Edward Lore (132). Lore is by far the most energetic boy while in the classroom, full of pep and enthusiasm (???). Yes, when he's not asleep. Member of the junior Rugby team.

"Oh bed! bed! delicious bed!
That heaven on earth to the weary head."

Robin Elford (115). We wonder if Robin has found Jenny Wren yet, for "Spring has come" and, as you know—

"In the spring a Robin's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of wrens."

William Savage (162). Bill is an accomplished exponent of the terpsichorean art. A fertile source of amusement for the rest of the class.

"One who knew me in my childhood
Would never know me for the same."

Donald Hudson (4). Presiding genius of the class (excellent article for each class to possess, procurable for 15c or two for a quarter).

"For I am weary and am overwrought with too much toil."

William Plenderleith (147). "Red" has the finest French pronunciation in the class—absolute fact!

"And his burnished ringlets swept back from a manly brow."

Wilfred McGregor (66). Yates street is a mighty nice street, isn't it, Wilfred? Direct descendant from the McGregors of old. One of the Prefects of the V .H. S.

"I know two eyes, so soft and brown."

Albert Cameron (163). "Hank" is another of our Rugby stars, but he is not the accusative of "Hic" (hick)—far from it. He'd turn Beau Brummel green with envy.

"Look on beauty, and you shall see 'tis purchased by the length."

Archie Clarke (111). Art editor of the Camosun? Did you say Art? Why, Art who? The low comedian of the class and can play anything, even the fool. Member of the V. H. S. orchestra and cadet band.

"What! So young and so untender!"

Charles Humber (—). Is it the final touches to your pompadour or the last look at your lesson books that makes you late so often, Barley? Rumour reports that he's a dandy player on the Rugby team.

"Thou art strange, thou art sweet."

Dadwell Hartley (23). "Dad" possesses a most melodious cackle, the result, no doubt, of many basketball victories. One who never lets sports interfere with his studies—oh, no, wouldn't ever hear of such a thing!

"Who mixeth reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Miss Curtis (114). Commonly known as "an unbodied joy," who finds it hard to keep still, especially in English period. "The rubber-heeled shoe girl."

"An innocent life, yet far astray,
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old."

Miss Legg (81). One of the noblest Prefects that ever wore a ring around her arm. "Tibby" is the joy of Matric C.

"Her mouth is a grin with the ends tucked in."

Miss Hill (107) says that brains are not everything.

"A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall."

Miss Johnson (3). Makes a point of getting some amusement out of every lesson. Helga is going to study art and hair-dressing.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young."

Miss Lewis (72). Chemistry genius of Matric C and a Latin scholar worthy of note (?). When asked why she was away, Ella replied

"You can't have too much of a good thing."

Miss Berry (5). A pianist by trade and a Greek scholar by nature.

"And the need of a world of men for me."

Miss McGibbon (105). A "prairie chicken" and one who is very tender and meek. Minota is a great favorite among the boys.

"I love the little grasshopper,
I love the little cricket,
I love to harm the little flies,
It makes me feel so wicked."

Miss McLean (99). One of the most studious members of our class and one who is always (?) a model of virtue and obedience.

"Calm, serene and cheerful."

Miss Burbidge (148). Laura is a literary genius and one who is noted for her placidity of countenance.

"Being good is an awfully lonely job."

Miss Cullum (103). Future matron at Esquimalt Naval College.

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace,
A Nymph, a Naiad or a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier face."

Miss Douglas (153). A quiet and unobtrusive young lady to whom Algebra comes as a second nature. She is a maiden of simple tastes.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

Miss Dewar (112). A placid girl, who decorates a back seat. ..

"Single I grew, like some green plant."

Miss Wong (133). A mathematical genius from the far East.

"I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less."

Miss Lee (135). A great Latin scholar, but a still greater chemist. A commonly spoken phrase directed at Miss Lee—

"Know you this, and I'll let you go."

Miss Walker (—). Our Scotch lass. Small, but wise.

"I had great beauty—ask not my name."

Miss Thompson (139). A little girl who never seems to have her homework done. for oft have I heard her exclaim—

"Oh, Alma! have you got your Latin done?"

Matric D

Sprinkling (126). Paul is Matric "D's" baby vamp (?). In spite of the fact that he lives so near Room 5, he never hears the bell. Try soap and water.

"The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

Spinks (150). Nugent, although he is "petit," needs no introduction to the school. His voice, famous both for public speaking and singing, resounds through the corridors at all hours.

"My wild Irish Rose."

Smith (108). "Doug" is especially noted for his philosophy of the fair sex. He seems to speak from experience. Poor child, can he have been disappointed in the bud of his hopes.

"There's a little bit of bad in every good little boy."

Lockwood (42). Willie hails from the prairies, but he's getting rash. Why, he drives a car as late as ten o'clock. In spite of this strenuous night-hawking, he capably fulfils the position of vice-president of Beta Delta.

"Oh, Mother! you wouldn't know your child!"

Caviness (20). Homer is our "petit garcon," who believes in being seen, but not heard.

"You must go slow and easy
If you want to get along with me!"

McCannel (77). "Kenny" is our brilliant mathematician who lives up at the board in Room 5. Kenny's hobby is "knots." Kenny's nice collars and pompadours and Algebra solutions make him quite a nice little boy.

"Blessings on thee, little man!"

McIntyre (60). "Gus" is one of the prominent members of Matric D. He is vice-captain of the senior basketball team—n'everything. An epithet he hates—

"I'm shy, Mary Ellen, I'm shy!"

Givens (154). Jimmy wants to start a soda fountain in V. H. S. We think he would look "jake" in a white suit with his "Henna Hair."

To strive, to seek, to spill
A merry widow some day"—(I mean sundae)

Elford (2). Jack is our talented musician. He tickles the ivory keys with much perfection to the-tune of "Jada." Oh, boy! when it comes to jazz!

"Cannibals compared to me are mild."

Shenk (30). Willie is one of our "heavenly twins." He also used to be a chess fiend, but has reformed. He honors Langford Lake with his presence and Wright with his company.

"Oh, man! I'm savage!"

Wright (36). Larson, or "Buster," is the other half of the "heavenly twins." He also used to beat Willie Shenk at chess, but now amuses himself by dopping out what sentence he will have in French.

"Buster is our jazz (?) artist."

Straith (82). "Bal" is one of our famous defence men in regard to hockey. We wonder if he has been ill lately, or is his mind (we won't say brain) full of geometry. We miss "Bal's" cultivated ejaculations.

"Gee, I'm deep!"

Wade (76). Everybody knows "Wadie." If they don't, just view the campus between 12.30 and 1.00, or else hang around the lunch-room when a social is in full swing and hear the swallows. "Wadie's" philosophy of life—

"Eat, drink and be merry!"

Dorothy Laing (124). Dorothy's willingness to try and dope out any kind of Geometrical problem has made her one of the curios of the class. When it comes to going to "L'Alliance Française" meetings, well—Dorothy is shy!

"Whaddaya want to make those eyes at me for?"

Elizabeth Turnbull (90). "Lizzie" has adopted the poet's idea "That is all you need to know," and so has decided to learn no more.

"Why should I study and make myself mad?"

Helen Starr (94). Helen's great eloquence has made her one of Portia's foremost speakers, and often brings her invitations to socials held after school by the teachers. Whenever she knows anything, she lets the class share her knowledge.

"But still her tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, the greater ease."

Ella Pottinger (42). Ella says that a woman either breaks or makes a man. Yea, verily! the members of the class can vouch for the latter half of her statement when she collects for the War Memorial.

"Her greatest charm is in being just herself."

Eleanor Parfitt (80). Eleanor is so popular that even the teacher rarely fails to make a date with her for 3.15. In spite of these engagements, she takes a leading part in the school activities.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and talked and danced and sung."

Marguerite Wilkinson (83). "Mike" is the leading spirit in Matric D's glee club and is noted for her laugh, which none can resist.

"Gee, I'm deep!"

Muriel Laing (167). Muriel is a perfect Prefect whose quiet demeanor is an undeniable proof of her knowledge.

"Her love of study is her greatest fault."

Margaret Stewart (27). Margaret was one of the few who upheld the honor of Matric D in the recent exams, though the fates decreed that she would get a goose egg in Latin.

"Examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
She by no means neglected improving her mind."

Mary Hill (101). Mary is destined to be an authoress; her first work will be "How to Avoid It."

"Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne."

Jean McNaught (120). Jean seems to agree with Socrates that knowledge is only to be acquired by constant questioning.

"Why, when, where and how?"

Matric E 1

Isabel Main (52). One of the many (?) studious members of the class. Ambition: To be a "school marm."

Dorothy Brooks (25). Our little "brook," who chatters and babbles all day long.

"But still her tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, the greater ease."

Alice Fairclough (31) is one of Algebra's best friends.

"Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Irene Frost (69). A quiet little girl, never known to disturb the usual (?) serenity of the class.

"Silence is more musical than any song."

Ella Kelsey (29).

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs ambition lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies."

Grace Keith (129) has lately come to V. H. S. in quest of knowledge.

"Have patience and endure."

Delmar Battrick (79). Our human question mark. Never late for school (?).

"Learning is my sole delight."

"Jock" Robertson (95). His favorite pastime is enlightening the teachers on various subjects.

"If hot air was music, I'd be a brass band."

Harold Genn (104).

"I have never felt the kiss of love
Nor maiden's hand in mine."

Harold Bassett (141). Takes part in most of the school activities. Harold's good nature makes him popular with all.

"Good things come in small packages."

Kathleen Cowper (74). Kathleen seems to have formed a partnership with "Dot" Brooks, for no matter how much trouble "Dot" gets into, she is always there to plead guilty and save the situation.

"And sometimes from her eyes the teachers did receive
fair speechless messages."

Jimmy Dobbs (93). Jimmy is a great believer in silence being golden (?).

"We know him as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad (?) voice."

Harold Ensor (157). Famous for his unearthly "cackle."

"The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

John Hocking (152). Our budding art critic. His only regret is that he was not present to help Raphael paint his "Madonna."

"Give me the chalk, quick, thus the line should go."

Ivan Jeffrey (143). Our noted "desk-carver," who has just learnt that

"Fools' names and fools' faces should not appear in public places."

John Kyle (166). Chemist. Prescriptions while you wait. Consultations free.

"Some mixture wondrous strange."

"Bill" Hughes (75). The leading member of our "gang"—a good sport and well-known in baseball circles.

"Why should the devil have all the good times."

Frank Rendle (130). Our classical student.

"While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gaping students ranged around."

Arthur Aylard (34). "Art" always does his homework and is never late.

"Being good is an awful lonely job."

Leslie Bell (64). An authority on English literature.

"Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

Vic Bond (49). Dustweight champion of Matric E.

"A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy."

"Bill" Bray (—). A genius at mathematics and therefore one of the curiosities of our collection.

Noel Collison (51). Also a genius (?) at mathematics.

"Behold! I know not anything."

Frank Copithorne (164). One of the disciples of "Bill" Hughes.

"What's the odds as long as you're happy."

Chas. Cochrane (91). A walking French dictionary and general encyclopedia.

"A sober man among the boys."

Tommy Catterall (100). A very bashful youth (?) especially among the fair members of the class.

"Alas, fifteen wives is nothing."

Matric E2

McMillen (6). Some wise man said we sprang from monkeys. Benny keeps the teachers guessing "how far he sprang." Nevertheless, Bennie's rare and Bennie's fair and Bennie's wondrous bonnie. When the uttermost depths of his soul are probed, he admits that Prelims may come, Matrics may go, but some go on for ever.

Miss May (140). An identical, incidental, incorrigible illogical, immedicable*, impenetrable, impetuous, impossibility (but she is always in evidence).

"Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play."

*Im-med'-i-ca-ble—past cure.

Miss McDougall (35). Florence partakes somewhat of the above (not at lunch hour), although in appearance she only requires a halo.

"Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers."

Miss Peacey (7). Lois is our own beacon-light. We all look up to her. (Hush! tell it not, she's really such a tot.) A wonderful Prefect—er—gentle, but firm.

"There is a certain something in your looks—a certain scholar-like and studious something—you understand?"

Miss Ledingham (—). As merry a piece of thistle-down as ever crossed our vision. She is alternately our hope, our despair, our joy, our sorrow—and seems partial to chocolate chews.

"Thus I wag through the world—half the time on foot, the other half walking—and always as merry as a thunderstorm in the night."

Ernest Heatherbell (21). "Ernie" is growing up to be such a serious boy. No doubt it is his studies that affect him so.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips
Let no dog bark."

Miss Maxwell (144). In chemical terms, Bessie is a salt, springing from Salt Spring Island; in familiar language, a modest flower (that a child may understand). Respectfully and respectively known as Elizabeth, "Beth," "Bessie" and "Bobs."

"The price of wisdom is above rubies."

Miss Restall (85). What would life be without Hilda? We dare not answer. Her general characteristic is portrayed in the following lines, so seek for hidden treasure:

"Are you out there still?"

"Yes, I'm out here, but I ain't still!"

Miss Burnstill (11). Ada will never experience the blasting devastating craving for pomps, peculiar, patent, perpetual, packet, panoramic ponies for passing examinations.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head," etc.

Miss Deakin (17). Prue is a concentrated solution of good humor, fascination, diabolical mischief, innocence and modesty.

"A violet by a mossy stone."

Joseph Gosse (145). Joe is trying very hard to be a good French scholar. He and Moody do splendid work (together).

"We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece."

Maurice Smith (14). Maurice says he is simply captivated and thrilled by dancing. "I heard it said the other day,

In fact, it was a squeak;
The boy has soul enough, no doubt,
But cares not for technique."

James Petrie (10). Jim is the gifted artist who makes the face for our Camosun and is also gifted with an abundance of brain matter.

"Goodly Lord! what a wit snapper art thou."

Leicester (40). He is conspicuous by his absence and his pompadour. He rushes into his seat as the last bell is ringing and murmurs complacently

"I am a-weary, oh! so weary,
Would to God that I were dead."

Cyril Neroutsos (68). Better known as "Nerissa." A nice, gentle boy, with an entrancing smile.

"I would I were a lord with money in my purse,
That I might supply the girls with sweets."

Cooper (55). He is a calm, quiet boy, who is interested in wireless.

"And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,
'Oh, boy! though thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.'"

Prescott Moody (8). "Prec," or "Moose," as the hockey fans call him, always has his homework done (?).

"A sort of scrubbed boy, no taller than thyself."

Alexander Roe (28). Alex is the possessor of a satisfactory grin, which seemingly never leaves his face.

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

Max Meed (117). Max flies from girls and he is often heard gurgling with pleasure when given a new instrument to play with in Geometry.

"I'm gonna tell ma, I am, and she'll get yuh!"

Thomas Moffat (62). "Tommy" plays basketball for our team, and although he possesses a calm, unemotional countenance, something tells us he is a "wicked" man.

"Fie upon this quiet life; I want work."

Gladys Walter (45). She solves all the problems in literature first (after Pillar), and she's a good sport, too, with a smile for everybody.

"The girl with a laugh and a smile,
That makes this Matric life worth while."

Orion McGary (84). Of late it has been rumored that "Mugs" is courting some fair damsel, and the way he goes about muttering to himself seems to confirm these reports.

"Come, my tender, sweet Lucrezia."

Daniel Moses (26). Possesses a very Biblical name, but he spends his week-ends around the wilds and terrors of Deep Bay. Dan is also captain of our "world-famed" basketball team.

"Tall and brave, and yet so fickle."

Kenneth Reid (110). It is claimed that you can only talk to "Kenny" after 3.15 by wireless. He is always robbing us for some fund.

"I live on electricity, and eat the wires alive."

Guy Waddington (89). Guy works very diligently in the Lab. (Sh—! You know, I think he makes moonshine.).

"I am he who says naught to any man,
Yet deep I drank of the cup of knowledge."

Charles Pillar (149). Charlie "plunged" into volumes of Tennyson some days ago, looking for flaws in Alfred's lines.

"A mother's pride, a father's joy,
Though neighbors say, 'A hopeless boy.'"

Announcement to Students in Agriculture

So little is the purpose of High School Agriculture in a balanced education, and the advantages that accrue to the student, either girl or boy, who elects for this subject, understood, that Dr. Melbourne Raynor, Chairman of the School Board, has decided to give this option his personal support. We therefore make the following announcement:—

The Raynor Memorial Scholarship

This Scholarship, of the value of two hundred dollars, being one hundred dollars for each of the first two years at the Victoria College in affiliation with the University of British Columbia, donated by Dr. Melbourne Raynor, in Memoriam of the late George Townsend Raynor, killed in action in the Great War, will be awarded to the boy making the highest standing in Junior Matriculation (Agricultural Option) at the Victoria High School; such student to have completed the High School Course in Agriculture and to have passed successfully the Canadian Standard of Efficiency Test.



As this report is for the Matriculation Camosun, only Matrics need look for their exploits in speaking and debating since October, 1920. The following girls have spoken:—Helen Starr, "Good Manners"; Dorothy Laing, "The Life of Florence Nightingale"; Elise Menkus, "The Benefits of Travel"; Wynette Copeland, "Practical Memorials for the V. H. S."; Muriel Daniels, "Ornamental Memorials for the V. H. S."; Marion Miller, "Practical War Memorials of the Past"; Thelma Schroeder, "The Royal Family"; Jean McNaught, "Japanese Customs"; Florence Eagel, "Athens"; Ella Pottinger, "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Libraries"; Glenna Evans, "The Benefits of Reading Books"; Marjorie Bell, "Sir Joshua Reynolds"; Marguerite Wilkinson, "Marie Antoinette"; Elaine Hill, "Jenny Lind."

Many excellent Matric debates have been held this year. The first one, "Resolved that a Uniform Dress Should be Worn in our High School," was debated by Ella Lewis, Marjorie Bell (affirmative), and Ella Pottinger and Jean McNaught (negative). The next one, "Resolved that the World is Growing Better," was upheld by Marguerite Wilkinson and Lillian Norris (Matrics), and contested by Lena Butterfield and Patsy Robinson (Juniors). The last one before this goes to press was the Matric vs. Prelim debate, when Lillian Norris and Glenna Evans upheld, "Resolved that a Girl can give more Service to the World as a Nurse than as a Teacher," and the negative was taken by Irmgard Gillam and Marjorie Gibbons. The last big debate of the year took place when Kathleen Jackson and Ella Pottinger went to Oak Bay and debated with Madge Macgregor and Beryl Hyndman, "Resolved that it would be in the Best Interests of Vancouver Island to Form a Separate Province." The V. H. S. team, who carried off the laurels, were a credit to the school and to the Portia Society. Their speeches showed their ability to muster their arguments in the most effective way and to claim and hold the sympathy of their audience.

The following lectures have been given:—Miss Clay, of the Public Library, spoke on "Canadian Poets" in a very interesting fashion. Mr. Dilworth gave a very instructive lecture on "Folk Songs," tracing their history and also the circumstances under which some were written. Mrs. Southern and Mrs. Yeo sang a few of the best known folk songs. Mr. Cornett lectured on "Debating," and gave a very educative talk to oratorical aspirants, bringing forth some very useful hints. Miss Moore spoke on "Eton College," and having visited it just prior to the war, was able to give a splendid description of the grand old school. She has since presented the Portia with some views of Eton, which are of great interest to all the members. Mr. Richards explained how the Portia members could help on the War Memorial movement, and spoke of the glorious response given to the call to arms by the boys of the High School. The Portia Society is looking forward to an illustrated lecture by Miss Henry.

The following Matriculation girls won their debating pins this year:—Marjorie Bell, Ella Pottinger, Glenna Evans, Lillian Norris, Jean McNaught, and Marguerite Wilkinson. The three following girls won their pins in previous years:—Helen Starr, Frances Legg, and Kathleen Jackson.

The Matric members of the executive this year have been the following:—Eleanor Parfitt, president; Elise Menkus, vice-president; Frances Legg, secretary-treasurer; Kathleen Jackson, Camosun reporter; Ella Pottinger, Matric representative. At the second election, Ella Pottinger was elected president, Marguerite Wilkinson vice-president, and Frances Legg Matric representative.

One of the last meetings of Portia will be an invitation to all girls who have spoken or debated at Portia, to join in a trip to the Observatory at Gonzales Heights.

The Portia has not had for a long time such a flourishing year as 1920-21. The membership has been larger than usual, numbering nearly eighty. A very large number of these have been Matrics, and the Portia executive wishes to give them special credit for the magnificent way in which they have supported the Society. Many have spoken and debated excellently, winning their Portia pins. Thanks are also due to all others who have helped to make Portia a success. Among these, to the members of the staff, in particular to Miss Hamilton, our honorary president, and Miss Henry, the thanks of the Portia are due for the interest they have shown. This year, perhaps more than any other, the Portia has been an influence in the school. This is due mainly to the personality of Miss Hamilton. She has spent time and thought in helping the Portia to be a credit to the school, as it now is. We shall greatly miss her next year, but hope that she will be as successful in France as here. The good wishes of all who know Miss Hamilton will follow her in her work. "Gloire et Reconnaissance a tous."



Girls' Basketball

A very interesting game took place in the High School gym. on March 12, between the V. H. S. girls and the First Presbyterian team. During the first half the play was very exciting and the teams were so well matched that at half-time the score stood tie at 8-8. The supporters of both teams were in a high state of excitement and doubt as to the result of the game, but during the second half High School steadily pulled away from their opponents and ended the game with the score 17-8 in their favor.

The same "reliable five" represented the High School as on former occasions.

The last and most important game of the season took place on April 1st, at New Westminster, against the Mainland champions. The home team went over determined to win, and ended their basketball season in a blaze of glory, defeating the Mainland girls by an overwhelming score of 32-8.

Early in the game the local players took the lead when Sarah McGill obtained four consecutive free-shots and one field basket. Pinkie Grubb added to this excellent beginning by dropping in four field baskets, making the score for the first half 14-5 in favor of Victoria. During the second half, Muriel Daniels also added six more field baskets to the already uneven score, while Pinkie added one more basket to her total, and Sarah scored another basket from the field. Florrie Gates played an excellent game at centre all the evening, and towards the end of the game dribbled the whole length of the floor and finished her performance with a perfect shot. In the second half, Westminster was able to obtain only three points to their opponents' eighteen.

This game very fittingly ends the basketball season for this term. During the whole of the term 1920-21, twelve games have been played, each of which resulted in a victory for the High School. The total number of points scored by V. H. S. was 291, against 75 scored by their opponents. The small number of points obtained by the opposing teams is excellent proof of the wonderful work throughout the year of the guards, Ella Lewis and Sarah McGill.

The great success which has followed the Girls' Basketball Team all through the year has been, no doubt greatly increased by

the loyal support, both vocal and financial, given by the school. The remembrance of this hearty support doubtless encouraged the girls when they were playing in a strange gym. and among strangers, and helped them to bring honor, both to their school and themselves, by winning the B. C. championship.

The formal presentation of the trophies won by the basketball teams this term was made by Dr. Robinson on April 10. The McDonald and Thompson Cups and the Shield for the 110-lb. boys were presented to the captain's of the respective teams. Dr. Robinson congratulated the captains on the fine work of their teams and expressed great pleasure at the splendid showing they had made. Mr. Yeo replied on behalf of the captains and thanked the school as a whole for its support, and especially those who had taken part in the arrangements necessary for the games.

Boys' Basketball

April 2, King Edward High School vs. Victoria High School. On April 2nd, the final game for the Thompson Cup League and High School Championship of the Province was played in the V. H. S. gym., between King Edward High School, Mainland champions, and Victoria High School, Island champions.

The K. E. H. S. rooters were out in force and uttered a roar of welcome as their team appeared, but were quite drowned by the V. H. S. supporters as their team came on the floor.

The game started out well, the lighter V. H. S. boys making speedy rushes down the floor and breaking through their heavier opponents. K. E. H. S. scored several points by free shots, but the score stood 15-9 in favor of the V. H. S. boys.

In the second half the V. H. S. team increased its score, and half-way through the period led by 10 points, but by a desperate effort the K. E. H. S. team gradually crept up. Each basket scored brought forth a howl of cheering on the part of the K. E. H. S. rooters; one young lady in particular caused a little anxiety on the part of a few of the spectators, as, in her enthusiasm, she almost fell over the railing while giving vent to "whoops" that would have rivalled a Sioux Indian's efforts.

The game ended in a whirlwind rush of dribbling, passing and shooting, and when the whistle blew, the score stood 30-26 in our favor.

The individual scores were: Webster (forward), 12; Forbes (forward), 10; Allen (centre), 8; Moore (guard), 0; McIntyre (guard), 0.

Huskies vs. Victoria High School. On March 12, the Huskies played the V. H. S. team a third game in order to cancel the tie in which the two first games resulted.

The first half was exceptionally fast and both teams appeared quite evenly matched, the guards, Forbes and McIntyre, checking the opposing forwards closely and blocking their passes.

At half-time the Huskies led by one point and started out well in the second half, increasing their lead with two successive field shots. Allen, who was not feeling well, was replaced by Hartley, and the V. H. S. team tried desperately to cut down the opposing team's lead. Webster and Moore worked hard at forward positions and managed to score a few more points for V. H. S., but at time the score stood 35-24 in favor of the Huskies. The individual scores were:—Webster, 9; Allen, 4; Forbes, 3; Moore, 6; Hartley, 2; McIntyre, 0.

Cricket

We now have in the school an organized cricket club, with Major Harvey as president, Jimmy Dobbs as secretary-treasurer, aided by a committee composed of Mr. Hamilton Gunn, C. Pillar and R. Phillips.

A jitney dance, held on Thursday, March 24, helped to pay for four bats and two balls. Practices were commenced at the Jubilee grounds on Monday and Friday afternoons from 3.30-5.30, soon after Easter. After a number of practices, D. Peterson was elected captain, unanimously.

On Friday, May 6th, a game was played with the Collegiate School, which resulted in a draw, on account of our opponents' innings being unfinished.

The team representing the High School was as follows:—D. Peterson (captain), R. Phillips, E. Birch-Jones, C. Pillar, N. Spinks, Connell, G. Coulter, C. James, J. Shanks, Scholefield, Treadwell.



V. H. S. ICE HOCKEY TEAM, 1920-1921
Mr. Cranston, Drennan, Webster, Rowlands, Mr. Cook
Moodie, Straith, Campbell, McCannel, McGibbon

R. Phillips and Peterson each played a good game, both with the bat and ball. Scholefield, although not making a high score, played a very good game as a stonewaller and backed up well. Another game is being arranged with the Collegiate, also one with Oak Bay High. Come on! all you fellows who have any interest at all in this good old game, show your school spirit and turn out to the practices and games.

Summary

Seldom in the history of the Victoria High School has there been such a successful athletic season.

The members of the Ice Hockey Team are inter-school champions of the city, which speaks well for the coaches, Mr. Cook and Mr. Harry Smith.

The efforts of the Senior and Junior Basketball Teams, under the coaching of Mr. Yeo, have secured the much coveted Thompson Cup and the Shield of the 110-lb. league.

The Baseball and Cricket Teams have put up splendid showings in the games which they have played.

The gymnasium squad, under the instruction of Major Harvey, made an excellent showing at the recent gym. display.

Altogether it has been a most successful season, due to the untiring efforts of teachers and members of the different teams, together with the loyal support of the student body as a whole.

Basketball Social Evening

On April 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Yeo very kindly entertained, at their home, the three basketball teams and the following who had helped with the entertaining of visiting teams, etc., during the season: the Misses Scott, Martin, Starr, Curtis, Bell, Wilkinson and Legg, and Messrs. McCannell, Wade and Ryan.

Each guest went representing a song and a great deal of fun was caused by guessing what song each was supposed to represent. The evening was spent in games, contests and singing, and a very enjoyable time was spent by all present. A pleasing little event of the evening was the presentation by Art Webster, captain of the boys' senior team, of a handsome tie-pin, the gift of the teams to Mr. Yeo in recognition of his valuable services to the teams during the season. Mr. Yeo responded in a very pleasing speech, thanking the donors, and said that the winning of the three cups amply repaid him for what services he had been able to render. A hearty vote of thanks is here extended to Mr. and Mrs. Yeo for their kindness in entertaining the teams and friends.

The Sawed-off Shotgun

An Episode

FARO BILL'S SALOON was going at full blast. Pages could be written about incidents occurring in this home of vice, but the only incident that concerns our story was a poker game. This game was waxing exciting. One player, Don Morgan, was having wonderful luck, though he knew little of the game. A new hand was being dealt, and the boys from the ranches were drinking steadily—all except Yuba Pete. Pete needed money, and needed it badly. He was going to live up to his reputation—made in another part of the country—as one of the slickest card sharps in the West. As the game progressed, Pete slipped a couple of spare cards from his sleeve. This would be easy pickings, he surmised. He was not aware that a keen pair of grey eyes were watching him. Young Morgan shifted his gun belt and got ready for action. One by one the players were laying down their hands. Pete laid down two kings and three aces and reached for the pile of chips.

"Half a shake," said Morgan, thus drawing all attention to himself. "Pete never sat with three aces, because here are two from the pack." As he spoke, his gun came out and covered Pete. Pete protested innocence, but the boys were relentless. Out he went, stripped of all his winnings, to land forcibly on the ground outside of "Faro Bill's."

Half-an-hour later, Don Morgan rose and left the game, winner by a considerable amount. Going around to the back of the saloon, he rescued his cayuse from the stable and rode off in a cloud of dust towards the X Bar O Ranch. As he was passing through a small rocky gulch, a gun spoke once and Morgan toppled out of the saddle, shot in the back. A minute elapsed and then Yuba Pete appeared, carrying a still smoking six-shooter. Advancing to the body, he relieved it of everything of value, took the dead man's gun and fired it four times, and then placed it on the ground close to the hand of the murdered cowboy. Apparently Don Morgan had been killed in a gun-fight.

Two days later, Pete, still hanging around the cluster of cabins and saloons known as Faro Centre, came across Jack Morgan, the brother of the murdered cowboy, busy with a shot-gun. "Whatcha think yer doin', Morgan?" asked Pete, morbidly interested, and having a hard job trying to subdue a tragical inclination to disappear from the vicinity as soon as possible. "I've done some investigating," answered Jack Morgan, "and I've learned some facts. In a couple of days I'll be sure who killed my brother. In the meantime I'm getting ready for the time when I'll even up scores with a cowardly murderer." Pete saw, just before he walked on, that Morgan was sawing off the barrel of a shotgun. Beneath its tan, his face turned a sickly white.

Three days later Pete was in Faro's joint again. He was in a great state of nerves. The idea of having to kill Jack Morgan to keep his secret safe didn't seem to appeal to him. Someone tapped him on the shoulder. Was it the sheriff? If so ———. Pete turned around, his hand on his six-shooter. "Did I scare you?" asked Jack Morgan with a grin. "Let's have a little game." To refuse would look suspicious. Pete unwillingly grunted acquiescence, and they went to a table.

To cut a long story short, Pete tried his game with the spare aces, but it didn't work. Looking up, Pete found Jack Morgan coolly regarding him from behind a perfectly capable looking six-shooter. "Now I know for certain who killed my brother. Those aces were a part of a pack which he always carried. Pete, you're due to leave this pleasant little world of ours, and you're leaving quick." Pete's presence of mind didn't leave him. With one movement he knocked the table over on top of Morgan, at the same time freeing his gun. While the bullet from Morgan's gun was sailing safely over Pete's head, Pete's was smashing the light nearest him. Instantly, as is the case in most saloon fights, other cowboys smashed the rest of the lights. The saloon was in darkness, save for flashes shooting dangerously near the spot where Pete was. Pete didn't stay there long.

As soon as the lights went out, Pete started manoeuvring for the door. It took him nearly five minutes to get there, but at last he was safely on the outside of the saloon. Turning towards the stable where his horse was, he broke into a run. As he approached the stable he congratulated himself on his luck, reflecting on the advisability of leaving that part of the country, and of ——— when Jack Morgan stood before him with the sawed-off shotgun. "I knew you'd beat it for the stable, so I came here too. The whole thing was thought out beforehand, to get you somewhere where I could settle with you. You shot my brother in the back from behind a rock. I'm going to shoot you with this shotgun, face to face. When I count three, I pull the trigger. One ———." Pete shook, but what could he do? If he made a movement, he would be badly messed up by Morgan's shotgun. But if he stood still he would ——— "Two," cut in Jack on Pete's thoughts. Better make a break for it and run the risk, thought Pete. He gathered himself to jump aside at the fatal moment ——— "Three!" yelled Jack Morgan, when suddenly he was aware of another man standing between himself and Pete. "Sorry," said the stranger, "but we'll have to take this part of it over again, the light's too poor. We've wasted two hundred feet of film as it is!"



Well, Exchanges, the time has come when we must part, but not for ever, I hope. Leave our address with the exchange editors of next year and tell them to carry on. It was with the greatest pleasure that we first received your papers, and, as we knew it would be, the exchange has been of the greatest value to us, and now with the keenest regret we must bid you goodbye, for this term at least. We wish all the students the best possible luck in their final exams, and the happiest of summer holidays.

The Olathean number of April 25 had something in it which we cannot understand: "The O. H. S. students put on Pinafore in the State School for the Deaf" (???). We were going to ask, "Why pick on the State School for the Deaf," but out of courtesy to those who took part, our question is cancelled.

The April number of McMaster University Monthly was, as usual, excellent:

The Bison of April 25 contained very good editorials as usual and a bunch of good jokes:

Girl: "Have you been through Algebra."

Boy: "Yes, but it was in the night and I didn't see much of the place."

Boy: "Oh! I have an idea in my head."

Girl: "Treat it kindly, it's in a strange place."

Gushing Lady: "Yes, she's married to a lawyer, and a good honest fellow, too."

Cynic: "Bigamist!"

Prof: "What right have you to swear before me in class?"

Soph: "How could I know you wanted to swear first?"

—Lampoon.

Fresh: "He seems to have some ability in his head."

Soph: "Yes, I've seen him wag his ears."

—The Bison.

Rendezvous In Hades

IT was a bitterly cold night in Hades, and the wind was howling around the masts of the Houseboat. The Styx was frozen stiff, but Charon still kept the Houseboat warm, in case anyone dropped in. It was a Saturday evening, and as a special occasion the Houseboat was to be used for a reunion of the ex-members of the Victoria High School and their friends. About seven o'clock, King Alfred, who was staying on board, was baking some cakes before the open fire. So great was his astonishment at seeing Socrates enter with a stranger that he almost let his cakes burn. The wise old Socrates, deep in argument with the stranger (none other than Nugent W. Spinks) was saying, "I always have maintained that a soapbox is the best thing to use in our profession." "I don't know so much," answered Nugent, "some of these new apple boxes are much more comfortable to stand on."

"Hello, Spinks!" yelled Keenan, who had just entered with Dr. Johnson, "you're the very man we wanted. Have you heard the latest? Yesterday Pillar got married to Kathleen Jackson in the Upper World!" "Yeah!" interrupted Tervo, lazily, "he always said he'd marry a famous person." "Long live the Pillars," contributed Spinks, "but I guess we'll have Charles Henry Robinson with us down here before long."

"I have just had a report from the Upper World," said Queen Elizabeth, about ten minutes later, when the room was full. "Young Don McLean knocked Vic Bond off the roof of the High School when they were fighting to see who should take Miss Brooks to the Romano to see 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew.' I'm expecting Vic any time." "I hope he hasn't missed the station," sang Jimmy Dobbs, who had just entered with his wife. "Give us a recitation, Ella," coaxed Mrs. McNamee, while hubby played cards with Jimmy Givens. McNamee, having lost six dollars, decided that the Houseboat was no place for him. "Marj," he said, turning to where his wife coaxed Mrs. Dobbs for a recitation, "Let's go over to Mephistopheles."

Just then, in came the pugnacious boys, Tommy Catteral and Bill Hughes. Bill had his arm around Tommy's neck, and Tommy was holding Bill's hand. At the sight of this sad spectacle, Ulysses was so much upset that he kissed Helen Starr (who was talking to "Muggs" McGary) in mistake for Penelope. "I beg your pardon," began Ulysses, realizing his mistake. "Not at all," answered Helen, "the pleasure was all mine!" McGary was so shocked that he drank some of Socrates' hemlock, mistaking it for Coco-Cola. However, as he was an immortal, it had no more effect than to send him to sleep, much to Miss Starr's amusement. "I always wondered what a prefect looked like when he was asleep," she chirped.

These happy little happenings were suddenly interrupted. An awful crash was heard outside. An awful bump, and in rolled Bond, looking bulkier than ever. "Whew, I didn't think it would be hot

down here! Why—I'll be jiggered if this ain't a reunion of the High School gang! But who are all these old ginks?" "Why, Victor! these are all celebrities!" reprimanded Queen Lizzie, who had always taken a motherly interest in the child. Then she introduced him to King Alfred, Mr. and Mrs. Socrates, Dr. Johnson and Ulysses.

"Now, tell us the news," suggested Helen Starr. "How's 'Mike' Wilkinson?" "Gosh, Mike sure is coming along," answered Vic. "The Wilkinson road jail organized a ball team, so 'Mike' and Johnny Proctor organized a Rooter's Club, and won all the games for their jail. Oh, yes! Johnny Proctor and Mike are running the jail between them. They got married to save the income tax. 'Mike' looks after the dishes, while Johnny runs the jail." "What's happened to 'Tiny' Ryan?" asked "Dad" Hartley. Vic lit his pipe first and then answered, "Well, you see, the old bunch from Matric A who were still left, planned to have a class social. When I left, they were still fixing the details. Jack Christie and Lillian Norris were fixing up the entertainment end of the programme, while T. Harold Ryan and 'Dot' Parson were looking after the refreshments. 'Dot' offered to make a cake, so, if all goes well, you'll be seeing 'Tiny' down here soon."

"You know the old school is greatly changed," went on Vic. "You wouldn't know it now. Dan Moses (now Professor Moses) is principal. He is very strict on dancing. Ivor and Mrs. Parfitt (I think she used to be Miss Tervo), and Archie Clarke and Louise Weston were all arrested for jazzing. Archie Clarke threatened to kill somebody. I wish somebody would kill him, because we could have a nice dance if he were here.

"Then there was the sad case of Kenny Waites. He eloped with Muriel Daniels and they went to live in Sydney. There has been a lot of elopements. Barley Humber and Eleanor Parfitt ran away to Nanaimo, but the cost of High Living forced them to come back. Mr. Humber is teaching school in Oak Bay now. Doug McGibbon and Tibby Legg also got married. They went to Alaska, where Doug was stationed. They used to sit in the shade of the icicles and hear the Birds of Paradise sing. Bal Straith is Doug McGibbon's brother-in-law now. He is still living in Victoria. I think he was captain of the Senators last year. Doug Smith and Kenny McCannel started a ladies' school at Nanaimo. It has become quite fashionable, I believe.

"Ben McMillan tried to out-do Brigham Young. He set up as a Mormon at Sydney and married Gladys Walter, Lois Peacey and Blanch May. However, he is being carefully watched, and the Sydney police force—Chief Moody, Inspector Gosse, Sergeant Moffat and Constable Heatherbell—are keeping on the track of the Mormons. They don't want to make Sydney a second Salt Lake City.

"Ah, yes! Petrie and Miss Fracy set up a school for authors and poets, and hired Miss Copeland as a Camosun report specialist.

A special branch was formed, with Charlie Cochran and Miss Cowper as stenographers, but Charlie ran away to sea. A large Salvation Army movement has set in. A big branch was formed under the leadership of Scott and Charlie Drennan. It has had a very inspiring effect on the school. Velma Miller and Frances Berry have front seats at every performance, and Greene plays the cornet for the band. I think that's about all I can tell you."

Vic was almost gasping for breath when he finished.

Just as someone was going to ask Vic some more questions, a joyous shout was heard outside. In rushed Willie Lockwood, dusting the snow off. "Say, kids!" he spluttered between snow-flakes, "the old High School team is sure some class! They won their game."

"Tell us about it," suggested Vic, anxious to hear someone else talk for a change.

"Well, they were using a sack of cement instead of a ball. Art Webster and Norm Forbes were checking Hercules and Achilles, while Gus McIntyre and 'Dad' Hartley were trying to put the sack into the chariot that served as a basket. 'Mike' Allen had an argument with Aeneas, and they went outside to talk it over. Sherlock Holmes acted as a referee. The score was one-half to nothing."

"Say," said Vic, who had been looking around the company and had missed some friends, "where's Ruth Curtis and what's she doing?"

"Oh! Ruth is conducting a dance hall in conjunction with the Home for Lost Sailors. She charges six cents admission and pays the orchestra, too."

"Dr. Johnson," interrupted Socrates, "do you know what the difference is between a centennial and a millennium?"

"Yes, Keenan just sprang that on me," answered the Doc. "A centennial is just like a millennium, only it's got more legs!"

In the midst of the laughter that followed, the light suddenly went out. "Sorry, folks!" apologized Charon, with his head poked around the door, "but one of the rules of the Houseboat is all out by twelve. Ten minutes to clear the house!"

"Say, where's Bob Meldram?" asked Vic in the dark.

"Sh! don't speak so loudly," answered Queen Lizzie, "Bob's gone to the bow-wows. He's shovelling coal over at Mephistopheles."

"Yep! Bob's done it now," said Pinkie Grubb to Edgar. "Don't we miss him awfully."

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
So they always say;
That's why we love the teachers better
The days they stay away.



MATRIC A

Charlie, don't you feel complimented when the teachers keep mistaking Keenan for you?

Who was the lucky one wandering through "those poppy fields" with Drennan during Latin period the other day?

The Latin word "puppes" was translated "barques." Has this any connection with "puppies"?

If those most mighty personages, commonly called "examiners," ever read the "Merchant of Venice," they must surely have skipped Portia's speech: "We do pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us all to render deeds of mercy."

A question in Algebra concluded with "How old was John?" Miss Jackson worked it out and found the result to be $x = -4$. After some minutes' thought, she wrote the following triumphant note at the bottom of the page, " $x = -4$, means that John will be born in four years." Some mathematical prodigy!!!

Drennan emerged from beneath his Ford and struggled for breath. His friend Tervo, holding the oil can, beamed upon him. "I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Charlie, old man," said helpful Bert. "Cylinder!" said the motorist, "that wasn't the cylinder, that was my ear!"

After being told that "pungent" meant "biting" or "sharp," Miss Fracy determined to experiment. She calmly stuck her compass point into Miss Styan. "Say, Nellie!" she asked, "does that feel 'pungent'?"

Giotto, the great artist, drew, with one sweep of his arm, a circle of perfect accuracy. From the way Keenan draws his free-hand circles in Geometry, we have good reason to believe that Giotto has now a very formidable (?) rival.

Miss Wilson, while out motoring, became very fidgeted at the driver because he kept putting his hand out to the side. "You look after your driving," she said sharply, "I'll tell you when it's going to rain!"

The following interesting conversation was overheard the other day:—

Jesse Stewart: "Say, girls! did you see the notice in the "Vancouver Sun" about that aeroplane incident?"

Winnie Tervo: "No! What was it?"

Jesse: "Well, a certain young man took his fiancée up in an aeroplane, and when they were at a height of 8,000 feet, he jumped—the silly fellow!"

Winnie (keenly interested): "What happened to the girl?"

Jesse: "Oh! she was a chicken, and flew."

Cannon: "Rex fugit,—the king flees."

Teacher: "What other tense could that verb be?"

Cannon: "The perfect,—the king has flees."

Our Chemistry teacher told us that salt petre was used for pickling and preserving ham.

"When the su-hun is bri-hight-ly glo-ho-ing

O'er the sce-hene so de-hear to me-e-e;

And swee-heet the wee-hind is blo-ho-ing,

Oh! thee-hen, oh thee-hen

I thee-hink

Hof thee-hee,

I thee-hink,

I thee-hink,

I thee-he-he-he-hehehe-hink hohohohohohohoho-of
thee-eeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!"

Miss Stewart was heard warbling the above song one afternoon. We are all wondering of whom she was "thee-hinking."

Some of the members of this class are so fond of H_2S that they carry it around with them and sniff the sweet perfume during French and Geometry periods. However, the teacher doesn't seem to be so partial to its fragrance.

Teacher: "Run up that blind, please, Meldram."

Bob is quite a gymnast, but we are still waiting to see him perform this feat!

Webster, although half a block down Camosun Street when the 8.57 bell rings, refuses to do so undignified and "unmatricified" a thing as run. Still, better late than never, eh, Art!

Is Bobby Meldram put to sleep in Latin periods by Webster's soothing presence or by the sweet little notes from a certain fair one? The class would be grateful for any information on the subject.

Teacher: "Keenan, please describe your figure."

A certain Fair One: "Gosh, Mike, you're slow at that multiplication! Why, I could do it in less than no time!"

Sotto voce (somewhere in crowd): "I daresay! Fools multiply very rapidly these days."

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MATRIC B

An appreciation to our Teachers from the members of Matric B:

We all of us hope that you will forgive us for our misdemeanours which, though they were numerous, were done without thought. We sincerely wish to thank you for the wholehearted support you have given us as a class and individually. We were not worthy of your kind consideration. It will be with a pang of regret that Matric B will break up and leave the school, our teachers and associates.

But the sentiments of Matric B may best be shown in the following lines:

"Why do you wait for friends to croak before you speak their praises? Why keep your eulogies in soak until they're dead as blazes? Why don't you sing a fellow's worth while he is yet your neighbor, before he's planted 'neath the earth at great expense and labor? Why don't you say to all your friends, 'I'm mighty glad I met him,' before the undertaker calls around with eagerness to get him? When he is lying cold and still, and you must live without him, it makes but little "diff" what people say about him. He cannot hear the words you'll say, nor see your tears of sorrow; the mourners pass his silent clay and blot him out tomorrow. When laid out in his Sunday suit and to the boneyard driven; he cannot hear the parson toot about his worth while livin'. When he has ceased to wink his eyes and quits this world of ours; he cares not how you criticize; he'll be no judge of flowers! So give your friend your words of love, while he can hear your story, before he wings his way above to twang a harp in glory!

The boys in our room are quite musical. They seem to fit into these:

Scott—"I know where the flies go."

Edwardson—"Lullaby Time."

Shaw—"I'm a Jazz Baby."

Waites—"Love will find a Way."

Maclean—"Ja Da."

McNamee—"My Life is Love."

Copas—"Your Eyes, etc."

Parfitt—"Chili Bean."

Miss Blythe continually gives the teachers the slip.

You ought to see "Margie" from "Ohio" eating some "Chile Bean" at "The Moving Picture Ball" dressed in her "Alice Blue Gown" and making "Honolulu Eyes" at "Chong," who is "Whispering" to "Rose" and saying "I told you so" and entreating her to "Let the Rest of the World go by." And you can see "Jean" from "Avalon" with the "Alcoholic Blues," because, as she said to "Rosie," "Mandy" is "Tired of Me" and won't "Feather Your Nest." And you can see a "Crocodile" at "Ching-a-Ling's Bazaar," where a band

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plays that "Naughty Waltz." You might take "Irene" and go to "Tripoli" in your "Blue Jeans" and chase away the "Hula Blues" beneath the "Venetian Moon" "In the Dusk," and then go to "My Little Home on the Hill."

Matric B takes this opportunity to express their thanks to their reporter, Winnette Copeland. Winnette has never shirked her duty and we realize we did not make any mistake in electing her to that office, and as a result of her great success this year, we hope that she may some day have just as great success as a journalist.

MATRIC C

This class is renowned for its clever, diligent and studious members. A few of its notables are:

Miss Dewar. Noted for borrowing Latin translations and stealing glances from Plenderleith. She asked him, kindly, one day for an exercise, when "Red" replied hotly, "Say, what do you think a man is, a flock of geese?"

Miss Curtis. Our diligent (we don't think) reporter. One day, in the middle of an interesting Chemistry lesson, she exclaimed, "Close the door, I've dropped a peanut!"

Humber. Barley entered a book store and asked for a copy of "Anthony and Cleopatra." "All right," replied the seller, "it will be a dollar fifty." "Oh!" replied the hopeful youth, "I've only got six bits, give me Cleopatra."

Proctor. Our tall youth, slender as a lily, whose growth has all gone to his head. Hartley has at last found a remedy for that embarrassing cough which Johnnie had last term.

One day, after a long cadet drill, the commanding officer asked everyone who wished to be dismissed to step forward two paces. Everyone, with the exception of "Hank" Cameron, did so. The O. C., thinking Albert had not heard, repeated the order. Same result, there stood Hank. He then approached Hank and said: "If you wish to be dismissed, step forward two paces." Hank slowly replied, "Sir, I'm sorry, but I'm too tired to take even those two paces."

Mr. Cranston: "How old are you, Miss Cruise?"

Miss Cruise: "Sixteen."

Mr. C.: "When were you sixteen?"

Miss Cruise: "On my last birthday."

Brooks is a witty boy when at home. One day he was eating the soft part of his toast when his father said, "When I was a boy, I always ate the crusts of my toast." Did you like them?" asked Walter. "Yes," replied Mr. Brooks. "Well, you may have mine," said Walter, pushing his plate up to the head of the family.

Finally, I think if Matric C was to catch the midnight train for Duncan, we would get it at 1.00 o'clock.

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MATRIC D

Matric D is quite excited these days. Two rival Advertising Agencies have broken out. Spinks started the movement, but a new Company forced him out of business. Some of the advertising slams of the new agency:

- "Wilkinson's Wonderful Window Washer."
- "Turnbull's Terrific Toneful and Technical Torpedos."
- "McNaught's Mechanical Metal Missionary Monopolizer."
- "Parfitt's Perfectly Permissible Prismatic Prunes."
- "Pottinger's Polite Practical Pleasing Prehistoric Portraits."
- "Stewart's Stewed Sterilized Stones and Sterling Silver."
- "Hill's Heathenish Handmade Hoes (Hose?) and Harrows."
- "Laing's Large Luminated Liquid Lozenges of Lesser Lubrigous Libocity than Lockwood's."
- "Starr's Steamboat Standard Stylish Stilted Spaghetti Stands."
- "Spinks' Sea-side Study Salver."
- "Smith's Syncopated Sweet Saurcraut and Sardine Specials."
- "Sprinkling's Swashbuckling Swaggering Soda Sippers."
- "Straith's Splendid Suits of Sordid Sack Seams and Saxophone Sleeves."
- "Wade's Warranted Wooden Watnots."
- "Wright's Rotten Ring-tailed Roebucks who are Rather Rude."
- "Shenks' Sunshine Soap Suds."
- "McIntyre's Mackerel Macintoshes and Mixed Melons."
- "McCannel's Candified Carrot Caramel Cough Catchers."
- "Lockwood's Lonely Lovelorn Lozenges."
- "Caviness's Cantankerous Clever Cat-catchers."
- "Elford's Elevating Electro-plated Elodion (elongated)."
- "Given's Gumptious Gorgalized Goulash."

MATRIC E 1

Perhaps to no one in the school did the news of Leslie Carter's death come with more shock than to his classmates in Matric E. He had been with us so short a time before, that it seemed entirely incredible that death had claimed him. By virtue of his manly, unselfish and cheerful spirit, he was a constant inspiration to every member of the class throughout the year. Memory of our associations with him will be a hallowed treasure from school life. To his mother and all those who mourn his loss we extend our deepest sympathy and hope that it may be some little consolation to them to know how universally he is lamented.

"Wayfarers on the dusty road
By shaded wells, their heavy load
Undoing, rest awhile, and then
Pass on restored.—What cause of tears,
O men?"

—from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari.

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MATRIC E2

Well! well! well! If this isn't Matric E2 again. But what sad, thin faces they all have. That's caused by two things—overwork at school and the parting with old classmates.

Forty years hence, when we take out our old Camosuns and look fondly at the profiles and signatures before us ("and when we're all married, un-happily") it will bring back memories of the best old Matric class ever founded.

A "little" girl in Prelim A told the class reporter of the boys of Matric E2 that we Matrics had beastly overawing personalities, and she wished that they would not feel so self-important. The poor class reporter was rather humiliated, heartbroken and crestfallen by these satirical and biting remarks.

All the members of our class are inexpressibly embarrassed financially just now, owing to the natural generosity of their dispositions. They were each asked to take five dollars to the office a few weeks ago, to help (I just forget what fund the little tag day was in aid of, but I think it was the National Order of the Matriculation Examination Society). Of course everyone responded to the urgent call. It is surprising how good we are that way. Everyone took his or her little offering to the office, smiling coquettishly through the corridors, and the "joy of giving" was indeed unmistakably shown in several instances by the shedding of tears.

English Teacher: "What is "Pastoral Eglantine?" Answer from the back of the room: "Eglantine that grows around the minister's house, sir."

How nice to see a bumble bee
When you go out a-fishin',
But if you happen to sit on him,
He'll spoil your disposition.

Pupil: "Is that the right answer?"

Math Prof.: "Where have you got the "a"—on the top or the bottom?"

Pupil: "Well! - er - it's between 'em."

The Group Picture —

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